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Sir George Treby, K^t.Recorder of the Honourable City of *London*,

To His HIGHNESS

The Prince of Orange.

*December the 20th. 1688.**May it please your Highness,*

THE Lord Mayor being disabled by Sickness, your Highness is attended by the Aldermen and Commons of the Capital City of this Kingdom, Deputed to Congratulate Your Highness upon this great and glorious Occasion.

In which, labouring for Words, we cannot but come short in Expression.

Reviewing our late Danger, we remember our Church and State, over-run by Popery and Arbitrary Power, and brought to the point of Destruction, by the Conduct of Men (that were our true Invaders) that brake the Sacred Fences of our Laws, and (which was worst) the very Constitution of our Legislature.

So that there was no Remedy left but the Last.

The only Person under Heaven that could apply this Remedy was Your Highness.

You are of a Nation, whose Alliance, in all times, has been agreeable and prosperous to us.

You are of a Family most Illustrious, Benefactors to Mankind. To have the Title of Sovereign Prince, Stadtholder, and to have worn the Imperial Crown, are among their lesser Dignities. They have long

long enjoyed a Dignity singular and *transcendent*, viz. To be *Champions* of Almighty God, sent forth in several Ages, to vindicate his Cause against the greatest Oppressions.

To this *Divine Commission*, our Nobles, our Gentry, and among them our brave English Soldiers, rendred themselves and their Arms upon your appearing.

GREAT SIR,

When we look back to the last Month, and contemplate the *Swiftness* and *Fullness* of our present Deliverance, Astonish'd, we think it *miraculous*.

Your Highness, led by the hand of Heaven, and called by the Voice of the People, has preserved our dearest Interests.

The *Protestant Religion*; which is *primitive Christianity* Restord.

Our *Laws*; which are our *ancient Title* to our Lives, Liberties, and Estates; and without which this World were a *Wilderness*.

But, what Retribution can We make to your Highness?

Our Thoughts are full charged with Gratitude.

Your Highness has a lasting Monument in the *Hearts*, in the *Prayers*, in the *Praises* of all Good Men amongst us. And late *Posterity* will celebrate your ever-glorious Name, till Time shall be no more.

Chapman Mayor.

Cnr's special tent die Jouis xx. die Decembr' 1688.

Annoq; R.R. Jacobi Secundi Angl' &c. quarto.

THIS Court doth desire Mr. Recorder to Print his Speech this day made to the Prince of Orange at the time of this Courts attending his Highness with the Deputies of the several Wards, and other Members of the Common-Council.

Wagstaffe.

LONDON; Printed for George Grafton at the Mitre near Temple-Bar in Fleetstreet, 1688.

S^r 20 Decem^r 1688
Mr. Geo. Grafton's Speech to
the Court of Common Council